

The Truth..  
by Charlotte Greenwood

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A single poem, in English.

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Maybe the truth is over there  
under the rubble  
left with a lady on the street  
in a paper bag.

Perhaps she has it  
written down for safe keeping  
on a scrap of paper  
traveling homeless.  
That is the truth  
but everyone knows that.

I swear the other truth

the complicated one  
with lots of people involved  
and time taken to find it  
is a number.

Something very real  
very definite  
like a number  
it's probably on a graph  
we can make a computer to find that.

I'm sure they must of found it in the past  
it's obvious  
probably it's hidden in a building  
in a vault  
behind a secret picture!  
Under a city, within cave  
the door to which  
is in a library  
of an old house.  
It's down there waiting  
for a time when it will be ready  
to be used.

At that point everything will be;  
it just will be.

So after finding it  
everyone will decide to bury it again  
in a better hiding place  
for next time;  
"well it used to be other there".

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[END]